## By FRANCES BOYD CALHOUN

it 'out."

his chubby fists.

Jane's corset and you all time can't

get nobody loose. What you want to

"You done it yo'self," defended the

boy in front with rising passion.

"Squeeze in, Jimmy; we jes' boun' to

git outer this 'fore somebody finds

He backed the other child close to

the wall and pressed so hard against

him that Jimmy screamed aloud and

began to pound him on the head with

Billy would not submit tamely to

any such treatment. He reached his

hand behind him and gave the

smaller boy's cheek a merciless pinch.

The fight was on. The two little boys.

laced up tightly as they were in a

stout pair of stays, pinched and scratched, and kicked and jerked.

Suddenly Billy, leaning heavily against

Jimmy, threw him flat on his back

Bennie Dick, sitting on the floor,

had up to this time watched the pro-

ceedings with an interested eye; now,

thinking murder was being commit-

ted, he opened his his red mouth and

emitted a howl that could be heard

half a mile. It immediately brought

his mother to the open door. When

she saw the children squirming on

the floor in her only corset, her indig-

"You, Jimmy Garner, an' you, too,

William Hill, yuh little imps o' Satan,

what you doin' in my house? Didn't

yo' mammy tell you not to tamper wid me no mo'? Git up an' come here

an' lemme git my co'set off o' yuh."

Angry as she was, she could not

keep from laughing at the sight they

presented, as, with no gentle hand,

she unclasped the books and released

"Billy all time-" began Jimmy.

Jane, "'tain't no use fo' to try to lay

dis-here co'set business onto Billy;

both o' yuh is ekally in it. An' me

a-aimin' fo' to go to three fun'els dis

week an' a baptizin' on Sunday.

S'pose y' all 'd bruck one o' de splints

how'd I look a-presidin' at a fun'el

'thout nare co'set on, an' me shape'

"Who's dead, Sarah Jane?" asked

"Sis' Mary Ellen's las' husban'

Brudder Littlejohn-dat' a-who," she

replied, somewhat mollified at his in-

"When did he die?"-Jimmy pursued

"He got 'way f'om here 'bout moon

down las' night," she replied, losing

sight of her grievance in his flatter

ing interrogations. "You know Sis Littlejohn, she been married goin' on

five times. Dis-here 'll make fo' gen-

tlemans she done buriet an' dey ain't

nobody can manage a fun'el like she

to her. She sho' is done a good part

by eb'ry single husban' too, an' she

wid Brudder Littlejohn's co'pse.

Sarah Jane almost forgot her little au-

dience in her intense absorption of her subject. "She say to me dis morn-

in', she say, 'Marri'ge am a lott'ry, Sis

Beddinfiel', but I sho' is drawed some

han'some prizes.' She got 'em all

laid out side by side in de burvin'

groun' wid er little imige on ebry

she can't read de writin' on de tomb

stones, she got a diff'unt little anima

a-settin' on eb'ry head res' so's she

kin tell which husban' am which.

Her fus' husban' were all time a-hunt-

in', so she got a little white marble

pa'tridge a-restin' on he' head, an' hit

am a mighty consolement to a po

tell de very minute her eyes light on

er grabe which husban' hit am. Her

secon' man he got er mighty kinky

woolly head an' he mighty meek, so

she got a little white lamb a-settin' on

did n't have nothin' much fo' to dis

gueese him f'om de res' 'cep'in' he so

off, twell she happen to think bout

him bein' a Hardshell Baptis' an' so

powerful slow, so she jest got a little

tarrapin an' sot it on him. Hit sho'

am a pretty sight jes' to go in dat

buryin' groun' an' look at 'em all, side

by side; an' now she got Brudder Lit-

tlejohn to add to de res'. He de onli-

est one what's got er patch o' whis-

kers so she gwine to put a little white

cat on he' grabe. Yes, Lord, ef any

think coold pearten' a widda 'omar

hit would be jes' to know dat yuh

could go to de grabeyard any time yuh

want to an' look at dat han'some

c'llection an' tell 'sactly which am

Sarah Jane stopped for breath and

"Tain't nobody else Gead, yit, as

knows on, but my two sousins is tur-

rible low; one 's got a nemrage on de

lung an' de yuther 's got a congestin' on de brain, an' I 'lows dey 'll boie

drap off 'twix' now an' sunup tomor

ra." Her eyes rolled around and hap-

"Who else is dead, Saah Jane?"

Billy hastened to inquire:

grabe; an' Sis Mary Ellen, seein' as

figgerin' to outdo all the yuthers

"Billy all time nothin'," said Sarah

and fell on top of him.

nation knew no bounds.

their imprisoned bodies.

like what I is?"

his advantage.

her wrath.

terest.

get us hooked up in this thing for!"

CHAPTER XVII.—Continued.

"Maurice loves you, too"-she hoped concillate him; "he says you are the brightest kid in town."

"Kid," was the scornful echo, cause he's so big and tall, he's got to call me a kid. Well, he'd jes' wastin' hi'self lovin' me; I don't like him an' I ain't a-goin' to never like him, an' soon's I put on long pants he's got to get 'bout the worses' lickin' he ever did see.

"Say, does you kiss him like you does me?" he asked presently, looking up at her with serious, unsmiling

She hid her embarrassment in a faugh. "Don't be foolish, Billy," she replied.

"I'll bet be's kissed you more'n fifty hundred times."

"There's Jimmy whistling for you," said Miss Cecilia. "How do you two boys make that peculiar whistle? I would recognize it anywhere" "Is he ever kiss you yet?" asked the

child. "I heard that you and Jimmy whipped Ed Brown because he imiyour own particular whistle. Did you?"

"How many times is he kiss you?" asked Billy. The young girl put her arm around

him and tried to nestle his little body against her own.

"I'm too big, anyway, for your real sweetheart," she said. "Why, by the time you are large enough to marry I should be an old maid. You must have Frances or Lina for your sweetheart." "An' let you have Maurice!" he

aneered. She stopped to lay her flushed cheek against his own.

"Honey," she softly said, "Maurice and I are going to be married soon; I love him very much and I want you to love him too."

He pushed her roughly from him. "An' you jes' 'ceived me all the time," he cried, "an' me a-lovin' you better'n anybody I ever see sence I's born? An' you a Sunday-school teacher? I ain't never a-goin' to trus' no-

body no mo'. Good-by, Miss Cecilia."

She caught his hand and held it "I want you and Jimmy to be my little pages at the wedding, and wear little white satin suits all trimmed with gold braid"-she tried Jimmy, hoping to stem the torrent of to be enthusiastic and arouse his interest; "and Lina and Frances can be little flower-girls and we'll have such a beautiful wedding."

"Jimmy an' Lina an' Frances can be all the pages an' flower-girls an' brides an' grooms they wants to, but you can't rope me in," he scornfully replied. "I's done with you an' I ain't never goin' to have me mo' sweetheart long 's I live."

CHAPTER XVIII.

Closer Than a Brother.

Billy were playing in Sarah Jane's cabin, she, however, being in happy Ignorance of the fact. Her large stays, worn to the preaching the night before, were hanging on the back of a "Ain't I glad I don't have to wear

no corset when I puts on long pants?" remarked Billy, pointing to the article. "Ain't that a big one? It's twice 's big 's Aunt Minerva's."

"My mamma wears a big co'set, too," said Jimmy; "I like fat womans 'nother sight better 'n lean ones. Miss Minerva's 'bout the skinniest woman they is; when I get married I'm going to pick me out the fattest wife I can find, so when you set in her lap at night for her to rock you to sleep you'll have a soft place to put your head, while she sings to you."

"The major—he's mos' plump enough for two," said Billy, taking down the stays and trying to hook them around him.

"It sho' is big." he said: "I berlieve It's big 'nough to go 'round both of "Le's see W 't ain't," was the other

boy's ready suggestion He stood behind Billy and they put the stays around both little bodies, while, with much squeezing and giggling, Billy hooked them safely up

the front. The boys got in front of Sarah Jane's one looking-glass and danced shout laughing with glee. "We're like the twinses what was growed together like mamma read me bout," declared the younger child.

Presently they began to feel uncomfortable, especially Jimmy, whose fat, round little middle was tightly

Here, unbook this thing, Billy, and

le's take her off." he said. "I'm "bout to pop open." "All right," agreed his companion. We tugged and pulled, but could get only the top and bottom hooks un-

tlasped; the middle ones refused to "I can't get these-here hooks to

come loose," Billy said. around him and tried his hand, but with no better success. The stays were such a snug fit that the hooks

"We sho' is in a fix," said Billy

"You think of more fool stunts to

MINERALS IN AIR OF LONDON

ace returned to her grievance. gloomily; "look like God all time let-tia" us git in trouble,"

something of a surprise, therefore, to find that the London air in the "city" area deposits only about ten grains of dust and soot per square yard per day. Two ordinary five-grain gelatin cap-sules would thus contain the entire de-

red up and weighed. The gauge in the "city" area, of course, gave the largest record. The Laucet calculated hat at the deposit rate in this region there would fall every year upon the entire 117 square miles of surface in London about 76,050 tons of aerial dirt. The gauges near Westminster showed a rate of deposit that would

average for the entire city of any stances deposited were chiefly carbon, sulphates, chlorides and ammonia, the larger part of them obviously the products of the London chimneys.

The Indian gold ornaments and pot ery recovered from Lake Guatavita ne of the five sacred lakes of the

ceremonies. A Combination.
"Queer, isn't it?" said the hairdress

with purpue pests. en by Mr. Kennedy for \$170 and a damaged antique marble bust of Sen on went to the same buyer at \$100. The Chibcha ornaments were originally offerings made to the divinities of the lakes at the annual religious

er to her customer.
"What's queer?" saked the latter.

"I think he 's a beautiful little boy," championed Lina "Call him ove here, Jimmy.

mamas an' Miss Minerva dis very min-ute. I low dey 'll settle yo' hashes.

Don't y' all know dat Larroes ketch

Twins and a Sissy. Mrs. Hamilton and Mrs. Black were sitting on Miss Minerva's veranda talking to her, and Lina and Frances were in the swing with Billy. The attraction proved too great for Jimmy; he impolitely left a disconsolate little visitor sitting on his own porch while he jumped the fence and joined the do, William Hill, than any boy they is," cried the other; "you all time want to get us hooked up in Sarah other children.

"Don't you all wish you could Mrs. Brown's new twinses?" was his greeting as he took his seat by Billy. "Where 'd she get 'em?" asked Frances.

"Doctor Sanford tooken 'em to her last night."

"He muster found 'em in a holler stump," remarked Billy. "I knows, 'cause that 's where Doctor Shackle foot finds aller ol' Aunt Blue-Gum Tempy's Peruny Pearline's, an' me an' Wilkes Booth Lincoln been lookin' in ev'y holler stump we see ever sence we's born, an' we ain't never foun' no baby 't all, 'cause can't nobody but jes' doctors fin' 'em. I wish he 'd a-give 'em to Aunt Minerva

'stidder Mrs. Brown." "I wish he 'd bringed 'em to my

mama," said Frances.
"I certainly do think he might have given them to us," declared Lina, "and I 'm going to tell him so, too. As money as father has paid him girls I 'd tell it to you." for doctor's bills and as much old. mean medicine as I have taken just to 'commodate him; then he gives bables to everybody but us."

"I 'm awful glad he never give 'em to my mama," said Jimmy, "eause I never could had no more fun; they'd be struck right under my nose all time, and all time put their mouth in everything you want to do, and all time meddling. You can't fool me bout twinses. But I wish I could see They so weakly they got to be hatched in a nincubator."

"What 's that?" questioned Frances, "That 's a someping what you hatches chickens and babies in when they's delicate and ain't got 'nough breath and ain't got they eyes open and ain't got no feathers on." explained Jimmy. "Reckon we can see 'em?"

asked. "See nothing!" sniffed the little boy. Ever sence Billy let Mr. Algernon Jones whack Miss Minerva's beau we can't do nothing at all 'thout grown

folks 'r' stuck right under your nose. I 'm tes' cramped to death." "When I 'm a mama," mused Frances, "I hope Doctor Sanford 'll bring me three little twinses, and two Maltese kittens, and a little Japanese, and

a monkey, and a parrit." "When I 'm a papa," said Jimmy, "I don' want no babies at all, all they 's good for is jus' to set 'round and yell."

Billy. "Why, God don' have none 'a the trouble," explained Jimmy. "He 's sissyest boy they is; and he don't just got him a baby factory in heaven care who kiss him neither; he'll let

"Naw, I don't want to. You all 'll like him a heap better over there; he's one o' these-here kids what the fur der you get 'way from 'em, the better you like 'em."

"He sho' do look lonesome," said Billy; "vite him over, Jimmy." "Leon!" screamed his cousin "von can come over here if you wantta."

The lonesome-looking little boy promptly accepted the invitation, and came primly through the two gates. He walked proudly to the swing and stood, cap in hand, waiting for an introduction

"Why did n't you clam' the fence 'stead of coming th'oo the gates?" growled Jimmy. "You bout the prissiest boy they is. Well, why don't you set down?"

"Introduce me, please," said the elegant little city boy. "Interduce your grandma's pussy cats," mocked Jimmy, "Set down, I

tell you." Frances and Lina made room for him between them and soon gave him their undivided attention, to the in-

tense envy and disgust of the other two little boys. "I am Lina Hamilton," said the lit tle girl on his right.

"And I 'm Frances Black, and Jimmy ought to be 'shamed to treat you like he does." "I knows a turrible skeery tale," re-

marked a malicious Billy, looking at Lina and Frances. "If y' all wa'n't "We are n't any more scared 'n you

William Hill," cried Frances, her in-terest at once aroused; "I already know 'bout 'raw meat and bloody bones' and nothing 's scarler 'n that."

"And I know 'Fe, Ft, Fo, Fum, I smell the blood of an Englishman, Be he alive or be he dead. I'll ground his bones to make me bread," said Lina. "This-here tale," continued Billy,

glueing his big eyes to those of the little stranger, "is one Tabernicle learnt fer a speech at school. It 's all bout a 'oman what was buriet in a graveyard with a diamant ring on her finger, an' a robber come in the night-" The child's tones were guttural, thrilling and hair-raising as he glared into the eyes of the effeminate Leon, "an' a robber come in the night an' try to cut it off, an' ha'nts groanin' an' the win' moan 'oo-oo'

Leon could stand it no longer. "I am going right back," he cried rising with round, frightened eyes, "I am not going to sit here and listen to you, scaring little girls to death. You are a bad boy to scare Lina and Frances and I am not going to associate with you;" and this champion of the fair sex stalked with dignity across the yard to the gate.

"I 'm no more scared 'n nothing."

and indignant Frances hurled at his back. "You 're just scared yourself." Jimmy giggled happily, "What 'd l "Look like God 'd sho' be busy tell you all," he cried, gleefully. "Lina a-makin' so many babies," remarked and Frances got to all time set little 'fraid cats 'tween 'em." he snorted. "It 's just like I tell you, he 's the

bout the plumpest Sunday school

teacher they is and the Bible say 'If

your Sunday school teacher kiss you

on one cheek turn the other cheek and

let her kiss you on that, too,' and I

all time bound to do what the Bible

say. You 'd better call him back.

Frances, and kiss him, you and Lina

life," declared Frances; "he 's got the

CHAPTER XX.

Rising in the World.

The painter had just finished put

ting a bright green coat of paint upon

the low, flat roof of Miss Minerva's

long back-porch. And he left his lad-

der leaning against the house while he

went inside to confer with her in re

Billy, Jimmy, Frances and Lina had

een playing "Fox and Geese." Run-

ning around the house they spied the

ladder and saw no owner to deny

"Le 's clam' up and get on top the

"Aunt Minerva 'Il put me to bed if

"Mother 'll make me learn a whole

page of the catechism if I climb a lad-

"My mama 'll shut me up in the closet, but our mamas are n't bound

to know bout it,"—this from Frances.

"I would n't kiss him to save his

're so stuck on him."

spindliest legs I ever saw."

gard to some other work.

porch," suggested Jimmy.

"Come on, let 's climb up."

them.



Billy Would Not Submit Tamely to Such Treatment.

factory down by the railroad, and | Can't no woman at all 'cepting my angels jus' all time make they arms | mama and Miss Cecilia kiss me. But and legs, like niggers do at the chair Leon is bout the kissingest kid they is; why, he'd just as soon 's not let factory, and all God got to do is jus' glue em together, and stick in their Frances and Lina kiss him; he ain't souls. God got bout the easiest job got no better sense. 'Course I gotts widda 'oman fo' to know dat she can they is." let Miss Cecilia kiss me 'cause she's

"I thought angels fea' clam' the golden stair and play they harps," said Billy. "Ain't we going to look sweet at

Miss Cecilia's wedding?" said Frances, he grabe; an' de nex' husban' he after a short silence. "I 'll betcher I 'll be the cutest kid in that church," boasted Jimmy con-

slow an' she might nigh rack her brain ceitedly. "You coming, ain't you, Billy?" "I gotter go," answered that filted swain, gloomily, "Aunt Minerva ain't

got nobody to leave me with at home. I jes' wish she 'd git married." "Why would n't you be a page

Billy?" asked Lina. "Cause I did n't hafto," was the

"I bet my mama give her the fines present they is," bragged the smaller

boy; "I reckon it cost bout a million

"Mother gave her a handsome cutglass vase," said Lina. "It looks like Doctor Stanford would

ve give Miss Cecilia those twinses for a wedding present," said Frances. "Who is that little boy sitting on your porch, Jimmy?" asked Lina, noticing for the first the a lonely-looking child.

"That's Leon Tipton, Aunt Ella's litdo." said Billy. tle boy. He just come out from Mem phis to spend the day with me and I'll e awful glad when he goes home; ra." Her eyes rolled around and hap he's bout the stuck-up-est kid they is, pened to light on her corset. She at and skeery! He 's bout the 'fraidest young un ever you see. And look at "An' sposin' I had n't 'av' come in him now! Wears long curls like a girl here when I did? I'd 'a' had to went and don't want to never get his clean to my own rousins' fun'el 'thout name clo'es dirty." "I ain't never promise not to clam no ladder but —" Billy hesitated.

they is," sneered Jimmy. "Mama 'll whip me going and coming if she finds out 'bout it, but I ain't skeered. I 'thout any shoes? I 's mos' ready to dare anybody to dare me to clam' up."

"I dare you to climb this ladder." responded an accommodating Frances. "I ain't never tooken a dare yet," boasted the little boy proudly, his foot on the bottom rung. "Who 's going to foller me?"

"Don't we have fun?" cried a jubilant Frances.

"Yes." answered Jimmy; "If grown folks don't all time be watching you and sticking theirselfs in your way." "If people would let us alone," remarked Lina, "we could enjoy our-selves every day."

"But grown folks got to be so pertic'lar with you all time," cried Jimmy, "they don't never want us to play to

gether.' He led the way up the ladder, followed by Frances and Billy; and Lina brought up the rear. The children ran the long length of the porch leaving their footprints on the fresh, sticky

"Will it wash off?" asked Frances looking gloomily down at her feet, which seemed to be encased in green

At that moment she slipped and fell sprawling on top of the roof. When the others helped her to her feet. she was a sight to behold, her white dress splotched with vivid green from top to bottom.

"If that ain't jus' like you, Frances," Jimmy exclaimed; "you all time got to fall down and get paint on your dress so we can't 'ceive' nobody. Now our mamas bound to know 'bout us clamming up here."

"They would know it anyhow." mourned Lina; "we 'll never get this paint off of our feet. We had better get right down and see if we can't wash some of it off."

While they were talking the owner of the ladder, who had not noticed them-and was deaf in the bargainhad quietly removed it from the backporch and carried it around to the

front of the house. The children looked at each other in

"What we goin' to do now?" asked Billy.

"If this ain't just like Billy, all time got to perpose to clam' a ladder and all time got to let the ladder get loose from him," growled Jimmy. "We done cooked a goose egg, this time. You got us up here, Billy, how you going

"I did n't, neither." 'Well, it 's Miss Minerva's house and she 's your aunt and we 's your company and you got to be 'sponsible. "I can clam' down this-here post,"

said the responsible party. "I can climb down it, too," sec-

onded Frances. "You can't clam' down nothing at all," said Jimmy contemptuously. "Talk 'bout you can clam' down a post; you 'd fall and bust yourself wide open; you bout the clumsiest girl there is; 'sides, your legs 're too

fat." "We can holla," was Lina's suggestion.

"And have grown folks laughing fit to pop their sides open? I 'm 'shame to go anywheres now 'cause folks all time telling me when I 'm going to dye some more Easter eggs! Naw, we better not holler," said Jimmy. "Ain't you going to do nothing, Billy?"

"I 'Il jest slide down this-here post and git the painter man to bring his ladder back. Y' all wait up here. Billy's solution of the difficulty eemed the safest, and they were soon released from their elevated prison.

"I might as well go home and be learning the catechism," groaned Lina. "I 'm going to get right in the closet soon 's I get to my house," said Frances. "Go on and put on your night-shirt, Billy."

Billy took himself to the bathroom and scrubbed and scrubbed; but the paint refused to come off. He tiptoed by the kitchen where his aunt was cooking dinner and ran into his own

He found the shoes and stockings which were reserved for Sunday wear, and soon had them upon his little feet Miss Minerva rang the dinner-bell and he walked quietly into the diningroom trying to make as little noise and to attract as little attention from his aunt as possible; but she fastened

her eyes at once upon his feet. "What are you doing with shoes on, William?" she asked

"You Can't Clam' Down Nothin' at All." "You all bout the skeeriest folks | Billy glanced noncha/antly at her.

"Don't you think, Arnt Minerva," he made answer, "I 's gircin' too big to go put on long pants, an' how'd I look. I'd jest like to know, goin' round' bare footed an' got or long breeches I don' believe I 'll ge barefooted no mo' -I'll jest wear my shoes ev'y day."

"I just believe you won't. Go take them off at once and hurry back to your dinner." "Lemme lest soit tall I sate" he

begged, hoping to postpone the evil hour of exposure. "No, go at ence, and be sure and wash your hands."

Miss Minery, spied the paint the instant he made his second entrance and immediately inquired, "How did you get that saint on your feet?"

The little boy took his seat at the table and looked up at her with his sweet, attractive, winning smile. "Paint pertec's little boys' feets," he said, "an' keeps 'em f'om gittin' hurt-

ed, Aunt Minerva, don't it?" Miss Minerva laid down her fork and gave her sephew her undivided attention. "You have been getting into mischief

again, I see, William; now tell me all about it. Are yor afraid of me?" "Yas 'm." was his prompt response. 'an' I don't want to be put to bed

neither. The majer he would n't put little boys to bed day times." She blushed and eved him thoughtfully. She was making slow progress with the child, she knew, yet she still felt it her stern duty to be very strict with him and, having laid down cer-

tain rules to rear him by, she wished to adhere to them. "William," she said after he had made a full confession, "I won't punish you this time for I know that Jim-

my led you into it but-"Naw'm, Jimmy did n't. Me an' him an' Frances an' Lina's all 'sponsible, but I promise you, Aunt Minerva, not to clam' no mo' ladders."

CHAPTER XXI.

Pretending Reality. The chain-gang had been working in the street not far from Miss Mi nerva's house, and Lina, Frances, Billy and Jimmy had hung on her front fence for an hour, watching them with eager interest. The negroes were

chained together in pairs, and guarded by two, big, burly white men. "Let's us play chain-gang," suggest-

ed Jimmy. "Where we goin' to git a chain?" queried Billy; "'t won't be no fun

'thout a lock an' chain." "I can get the lock and chain off 'm Sarah Jane's cabin."

"Yo' mama don't 'low you to go to her cabin," said Billy. "My mama don't care if I just borra a lock and chain; so I 'm going to get

"I 'm going to be the perlice of the gang," said Frances. "Perlice nothing. You all time talking bout you going to be a perlice,"

"No, you are not," interposed Lina, firmly. "Billy and I are the tallest and we are going to be the guards, and you and France must be the prison

"Well, I ain't going to play 'thout can be the boss of the niggers. It 's Sarah Jane's chain and she 's my mama's cook, and I'm going to be what

please." "I 'Il tell you what do," was Billy's suggestion, "we'll take it turn about; me an' Lina 'll first be the perlice an' y' all be the chain-gang, an' then we 'll be the niggers an' y' all be the

so the younger boy climbed the fence and soon returned with a short chain Billy chained Jimmy and Frances to gether by two round, fat ankles and

This arrangement was satisfactory,

put the key to the lock in his pocket. "We must decide what crimes they have committed," said Lina, "Frances done got 'rested fer shootin' craps an' Jimmy done got 'rested fer 'sturbin' public worship," said the

other boss. (TO BE CONTINUED.)

(tartly)-Don't congratulate ourself that everything is going to be lovely when you reform. He (startled)-Why not? She-Because rosy futures

"I don't know, but if there is, somebody should go gunning for it." Her Foresight.

can tell a man's character." "Yes; I think that was the reason Julia broke her engagement. Henry used to bring her such cheap choco-

"It is really by little things that one

Most homely women are clever-

rfield Tea promotes and ensures health it to be convinced. Druggists keep it.

The love of applause is responsible

Mrs. Whalow's Soothing Syrup for Children

teething, softens the gams, reduces inflamma tion, aliays pain, cures wind colic, 25c a bottle

Woman conceals only what she does

LEWIS' Single Binder straight 5c cigar. Fou pay 10c for cigars not so good.

It's tough when love's young dream

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"Is there a powder trust?"

for many near actors.

dies of old age.

probably because they have to be.

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Try Murine Eye Remedy. No Smarting—Feels Fine—Acts Quickly. Try it for Red, Weak, Watery Eyes and Granulated Eyelide. Hustrated Book in each Package. Murine is compounded by our Octilists—incia "Patent Medicine"—but used in successful Physicians' Practice for many years. Now dedicated to the Public and sold by Druggista at Ske and Ske per Bottle. Murine Eye Salve in Aseptic Tubes, Me und Ske Murine Eye Remedy Co., Chicago

Poor Father.

Mayor Turnbull, of Canton, was talking about a statement, made all unconsciously by a Titanic officer, that had been a terrible black eye for the Titanic administration.

"This statement," he said, "reminds me of a little Canton boy "'Tommy, why are you so unkind to your nurse? Why don't you love

her?' his mother once asked him. "'Because I don't,' the infant terrible replied. 'I just hate her! I could pinch her cheeks like papa does!'

One or the Other.

A very plain, although somewhat famous woman, was traveling the state of Florida, lecturing on woman's suffrage. She addressed the school children of a little town one afternoon. and prefaced her lecture with the following:

"I am a native of Baltimore, the city made famous by its oysters and beautiful women."

A small boy said to another, in a stage whisper: "If that's true, she must be an oyster.

He Could. A northern visitor in the south tells

the following story to illustrate the taciturnity of the southern negro. He had asked Steve, a typical darky of the region, numerous questions concerning a certain plantation, and to each the negro gave the invariable re-

ply of "Yahs, sah." "Steve," asked the somewhat exasperated northerner, don't you say anything but 'Yahs, sah?' Can't you say 'No, sir?' " The negro blinked his eyes indolent-

ly for a moment and replied, "Yahs, sah".-Judge.



Cholly Gayburd-Do you believe the scoffed Jimmy. "I 'm going to be the story of Jonah and the whale? perlice myself."

Grace Saintly—Why, of cours

Grace Saintly-Why, of course I do. I believe every word of it. Cholly Gayburd (enthusiastically)-Dear Miss Saintly, will you be my

OUTDOOR LIFE. Will Not Offset the III Effects of Coffee and Tea When One Cannot Digest Them.

A farmer says: "For ten years or more I suffered from dyspepsia and stomach trouble, caused by the use of coffee (Tea contains caffeine, the same drug found in coffee), until I got so bad I had to give up coffee entirely and almost give up eating. There were times when I could eat only boiled milk and bread; and when I went to the field to work I had to take some bread and butter along to give me strength.

everything I could get for my stomach in the way of medicine, but if I got any better it only lasted a little while. I was almost a walking skeleton. "One day I read an ad for Postum

"I doctored steady and took almost

and told my wife I would try it, and as to the following facts I will make affidavit before any judge: "I quit coffee entirely and used Postum in its place. I have regained my health entirely and can eat anything that is cooked to eat. I have increased

in weight until now I weigh more than

I ever did. I have not taken any medicine for my stomach since I began using Postum. "My family would stick to coffee at first, but they saw the effects it had on me and when they were feeling bad they began to use Postum, one at a time, until now we all use Postum." Name given by Postum Co., Battle

Ten days' trial of Postum in place of coffee proves the truth, an easy and pleasant way.

Read the little book, "The Road to

Tests Show That Great Metropolis is No Menna the Dirtiest Place

London, England, cas the reputation of being a very worr place. The air of Pittsburg is probably dirtier, and

out of a full twenty-four hours over

a surface of nine square feet. perhaps also that of a few other man-bifacturing cities, but London's at-mosphere is certainly well up in the list of righly mineralized airs. It is air, and the deposit upon this surface. There were but four gauges, so

and a total of \$2.545 was obtain

111 antique "lots." The most valuable plece was a breastplate of pure beaten bossed with a warrior's head, weighing 8 oz., which went for \$300. A flat snake of gold, with the head welded on, weighing los-12dwt, fell at \$125, and a figure of a Chibcha goddess in fine gold, weighing los 14dwt, reached \$105. Two gold drinking bowls, weighing Soz, brought \$100. From other properties two Egyptian gold pracelets and an ear-ring from the